



all part of the service



Chaz

 **cvillette**

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>


2007-10-14 10:03:00

MOOD: 😊 happy

MUSIC: Miser - Zombie

Three Bloody Marys (Bloody Maries?) and a cover at Five: \$60.00

 **trollcatz** (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>)_ getting up the face of some guy twice her size when he groped

 **Ometotchtli** (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>)_inappropriately on the dance floor: free with membership

Sleeping until 9:30 and getting up because the sun was shining on my pillow--not because annoy-body was calling me about a corpse--then pie for breakfast (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D14>): priceless

Think I'm going to go find me a rock.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

8 comments




 **trollcatz**

[October 14 2007, 16:28:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

waves limply from under covers, goes back to sleep



 **trollcatz**

[October 14 2007, 19:02:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Okay, now I'm up.

Too.

Much.

Fun.

He wasn't anything like twice my size. Just because you see the world from the perspective of the top of a radio tower...*g* He had maybe six inches on me vertically and twelve horizontally, I think. I was maybe a little too peeved to count exactly. But someone had to step in before O got him arrested for tax fraud or something. Hee!

(See, O? It's not that we think you can't stick up for yourself. It's that we think you might be alarmingly *thorough* about it.)

I took T to brunch for our anniversary at the place where all the upper-echelon French embassy staff go when they're homesick. Croissants. Fruit preserves made on-site (not, obviously, homemade, since it's a restaurant, not a home, but if the chef slept in the kitchen, "homemade" would be the word). Eggs au beurre noire. Some kind of Provençal sausage. I don't know about your fat intake, but mine is taken care of for the next *two weeks*. I R stuffed.



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[October 14 2007, 19:09:16 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I was measuring by volume!

I am *envy*. ("I cannot read and wish all books burned.") That sounds wonderful.

I think I'm going to make all the pancakes on earth for supper.

Just got home. Skinned the heck out of my knee. A day without a bruise is wasted.

Rocks are gonna be too cold for climbing soon, alas. But by spring, we will have you on a boulder, you see if we don't!



[trollcatz](#)

[October 14 2007, 20:35:12 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Re: Knee. Ice, heat--you know the proper order, right?

You could *try* going a day without a bruise. It might work. How do you know if you don't try it? *g*

I can has rock in spring? Yaaaaayyy! But first I have to learn all that stupid stuff I've seen you do on the wall. You know, the stuff that makes Archie cover his eyes and moan and re-read his insurance waivers.

(Kidding. Perfectly happy to let you be the sole lunatic in the room. Last time, when you did that scary thing up near the ceiling? Archie muttered, "See that? Don't do that. You're not a flying squirrel. And when you get a chance, tell him he's not, either.")



[cvillette](#)

[October 15 2007, 02:37:57 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)


It's just a scrape!

Oh, you know, the whole walls rocks things? It's not a graduation. Walls are just what you do when you can't get to the rocks. They're like rock stopgaps. You can start on rocks any time, if they are the right rocks.

It's just that rocks in November are cold nasty rocks, and walls are warm and indoors.

And Archie's a big girl's blouse.



 [trollcatz](#)

[October 15 2007, 03:51:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You're the one who used the word "bruise." That suggests thump as well as scrape. Which involves, sometimes, the swelling. And then there's the word "knee." Which is a joint, with tendon-things. Joint, swelling, flex, ow... Sometimes there is ice involved when those things combine. The possibility exists. Just throwing it out there. If tomorrow, you limp, I will nod wisely and say, "Ice." Also, probably, "Ibuprofen." I say those things really well.

You alarm Archie. But he has such a pretty Australian accent that whatever he says, I'm probably going to stand there and listen to it, so don't ask me to stop paying attention to him. Besides, he's not a stuffed shirt, he's the stuffing.

I probably shouldn't have had that third glass of wine.



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[October 15 2007, 03:55:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

RICE, RICE, RICE. I know.

Mmm. Stuffing.

If you are hungover tomorrow, we can share the ice.



 [trollcatz](#)

[October 15 2007, 04:02:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Silly platypus.

(Probably goes without saying. I'm going to post it anyway.)

And I've already started hydrating, so the ice is all for you. *g*